

Manni Tamba of Korundo in Soa chiefdom then continued the war with the Kissis and finally beat them at Yambedee. At this time, the Kissis when they fought all wore red cloaks to distinguish themselves, so the Konnohs for their part took to black cloths. Fa Kurri, Yokumku's son, lived at Kayima and helped Manni Tamba to defeat the Kissis. Fa Kurri was noted for being a very great hunter.

(To be continued.)

ADDITIONAL KONNOH FOLK LORE.

Creation.

Now after God made all the earth and the animals in it, there were no men and women, and God came down to earth and built two native houses with the doors facing each other. God then made four balls of mud, two large and two small, put a small ball in each house and fastened the doors. Next morning there came out from these houses a man and a woman. God then came and told them they belonged to him, and took the two large balls of mud and rubbed them both over, telling them never to forget that they would one day become earth again. God told them what to do and left them.

Now many children were born to these two.

The first was a son who became a great farmer and is the father of all farmers.

The second was a son who became a hunter and is the father of all hunters.

The third was a daughter who learnt to weave cloth and is the mother of all weavers.

The fourth was a daughter who learnt to fish and is the mother of all fisher-people.

And many more who learnt different trades and became the mothers and fathers of all these trades.

The last child was a son and there was no trade for him to follow, so he thought out one for himself, and began to make implements for his brothers: hoes for the farm and knives for the hunter.

Now the fisher-girl went out one day to fish, and as she came to the water-side she met a great snake, so large that it was thicker than herself. She at once killed the snake, and cut it open, when suddenly a wonderful deer jumped out from the inside of the snake, said "Thank you," and ran off.

Now the hunter had his nets spread in the bush and this deer got caught in the net. When the hunter came and saw the deer, and was going to kill it, the deer cried out: "If you kill me you will have to give my skin to a blacksmith." The hunter killed the deer, skinned it, and tied the skin at the neck and at the back, and went home. When he got home the youngest brother was making knives at the fire and the hunter threw the skin down by the fireside and told his brother about the wonderful deer.

Now the hunter was tired and he sat down on the skin, which was full of air, and when he sat on it the air came out and blew up the fire.

The youngest cried out at once: "Then I will be a blacksmith," and this is how the first bellows was ever made, and the blacksmith got his trade.

KONNOH HUNTING CUSTOMS.

In Konnoh country, there are two recognised ways of hunting: the first by calling, the second by tracking or waiting in suitable places.

The first is used for small antelope, bush-hog, etc., and appears the most ridiculous custom to the uninitiated. The native hunter goes away into the bush, sits down and hides himself. He then proceeds to "call" game; this consists of putting two fingers up his nose, covering the mouth with the palm of his hand and shaking it. He emits the most awful noise, a cross between an animal in great pain and a man scaring birds. This, however, extraordinarily enough, does more often than not, meet with success, as from inquisitiveness the game comes quite close up to where the hunter lies hidden, and is generally shot at about ten yards with a charge of slugs. One Court Messenger in the District is quite a professional at this game and given a couple of No. 12 bore cartridges, loaded with No. 5 shot, he rarely

returns empty-handed. This sport, however, does not appeal to the European, being tedious and tame.

For elephants, bush-cow, water-buck, and the larger antelopes the tracking method is employed. In every village there are one or two recognised hunters belonging to the Hunters' Society. This Society has one golden rule. After the Chief Hunter has spoken no one else may.

The hunters are armed with Dane guns and one cannot but acknowledge their pluck in killing bush-cow, etc., with this weapon. No two hunters will go out together, except when tracking for Europeans, and no hunter will shoot in the presence of any other native. The native method of shooting bush-cow is generally to track the herd, and when startled, to run beside them and finally hold the gun up to the last animal's side, and discharge it. When this shot is not fatal to the animal it is almost invariably fatal to the hunter as the beast turns.

The average native hunter is by no means afraid of bush-cow and unarmed will drive them out of grass when out with Europeans.

Another method is, on moonlight nights, to sit up in a tree close to a path used by a bush-cow, and await the chance of one coming underneath. It is, however, in elephant-shooting that the real native customs appear.

The natives do not themselves shoot elephants, partly from fear and partly from the native belief that the spirits of departed Chiefs have taken up their abode in elephants.

It is useless for anyone to attempt to go elephant-shooting unless the Paramount Chief has been previously approached and has "poured cold water to the country Devils." When the Chief's conscience as regards his ancestors is satisfied by a gift, he will then proceed to the grave of some chosen ancestor accompanied by two or three of the old women of the town, and pour cold water on the grave, uttering a long incantation in which he begs the ancestor to spare one elephant (if only a small one) to the hunter.

It is only after this ceremony that the native hunters will consent to accompany one, and will track elephants all through the thick bush; but when close up to the herd they

prefer to fall back a few yards, though they will not run away.

Once an elephant is shot a most solemn conference takes place between the two trackers. After any followers who did not see the fatal shot fired have been sent away, the hunter stands in front of the dead animal and solemnly addresses it as follows: "I did not kill you, your Daddy gave you to me, your Mammy gave you to me. I did not kill you."

The hunter must then cut off the tip of the elephant's trunk and bury it under the animal.¹

After this ceremony, anyone else is allowed to approach; the tail is cut off to be sent at once to the Paramount Chief (to be returned secretly later if desired), a message is sent on to the village, and the party returns home. Should the person killing the elephant be a native, he is met on arrival by the whole populace, each with a present. After this he is stoned, really hard, by the people, to drive out any bad devil that may have entered him from this elephant.

The next day the Paramount Chief's speaker arrives to superintend the cutting up of the animal, and on the third day this takes place, the speaker sending the trunk (the tit-bit of an elephant) to the Paramount Chief. It is well for any European wishing to shoot to conform to these customs.

Another quaint hunting custom takes place simultaneously all over the country annually. When the word is passed round that the grass may be burnt, the old women in every village assemble and each one is given a present by any hunters in the village.

After this presentation, the women visit all the graves in the vicinity, pouring cold water on them, and supplicating the Departed to guide the hunters to the game during the coming season.

R. H. K. WILLANS,
Major.

*Assistant District Commissioner,
Sierra Leone.*

¹ This ceremony is observed by the Makua hunters of East Africa. It is believed that the tip of the elephant's trunk has various occult properties, and lives on long after the death of the animal; hence it is put out of the way at once that it may not witness the subsequent proceedings.—See Dr. Weule's *Negerleben in Ostafrika*. —Ed.